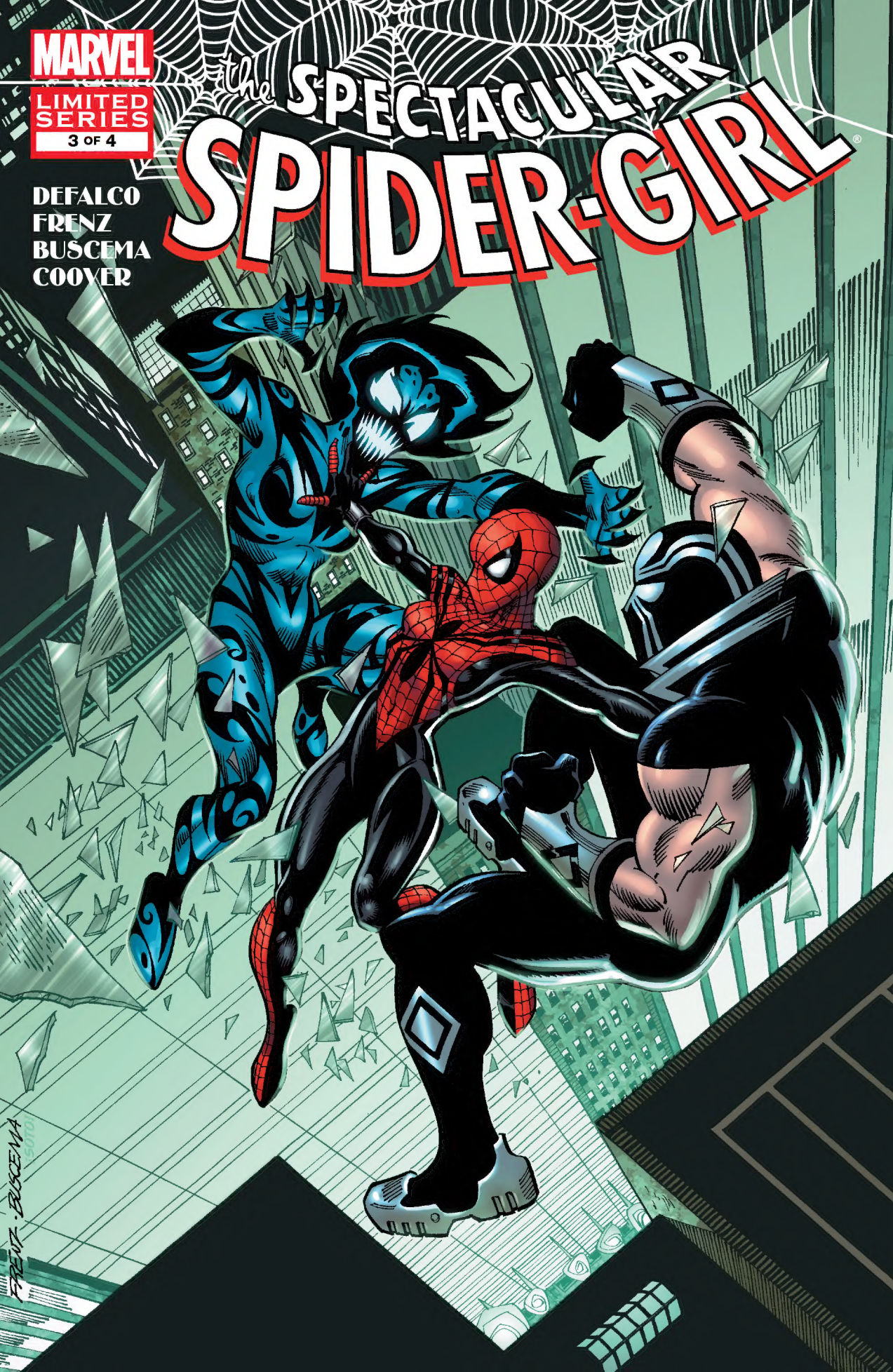
MARVEL
LIMITED SERIES
3 OF 4
the SPECTACULAR
SPIDER-GIRL
DEFALCO
FRENZ
BUSCEMA
COOVER
FRENZ · BUSCEMA

facegroup

SEARCH

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May "Mayday" Parker

HOME SEARCH INVITE HELP LOGOUT

INFO

NAME:	Mayday Parker
LOCATION:	Forest Hills, Queens
SCHOOL:	Midtown High
RELATIONSHIP:	Proudly Single
MOOD:	Determined

STATUS

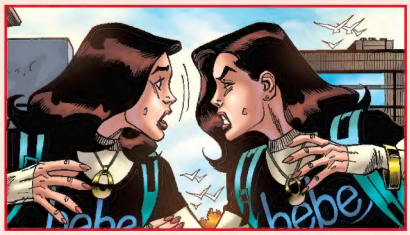
The name's May "MayDay" Parker, and I'm the webbed wonder known as The Spectacular SPIDER-GIRL! I discovered I have a clone – the family took her in and she's taken on the guise of April Reilly, our cousin. April's got powers of her own thanks to symbiote blood – and a mean streak to match as Mayhem!

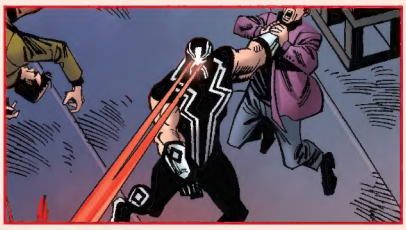
The City's been locked in a vicious gang war – and my old pal Black Tarantula is in the middle, along with some mug named Silverback. I promised Mom and Dad I'd stay out of it, but as long as April keeps getting involved, I'll be there to stop her.

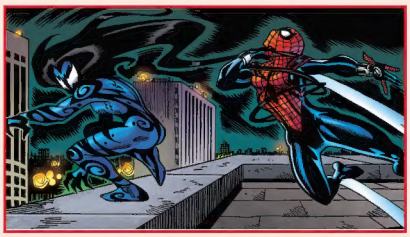
Easier said than done – April's stronger than me and a ton angrier. Plus, she'll cross lines that I won't. When we last fought, she dropped me from a Manhattan high-rise. She's out for blood.

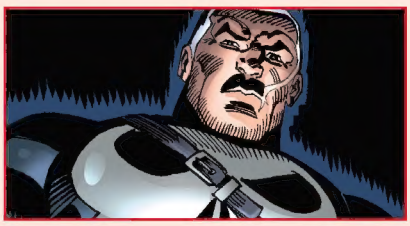
She ain't the only one. After the fight, I found myself face to barrel with the Punisher – that's right, Frank Castle's come out of retirement to fight his age-old war against crime – and is aiming for me, first!

PHOTOS



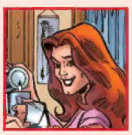






FRIENDS & FREAKS

DAD


MOM

APRIL

BENJY

WILDCARD

SILVERBACK

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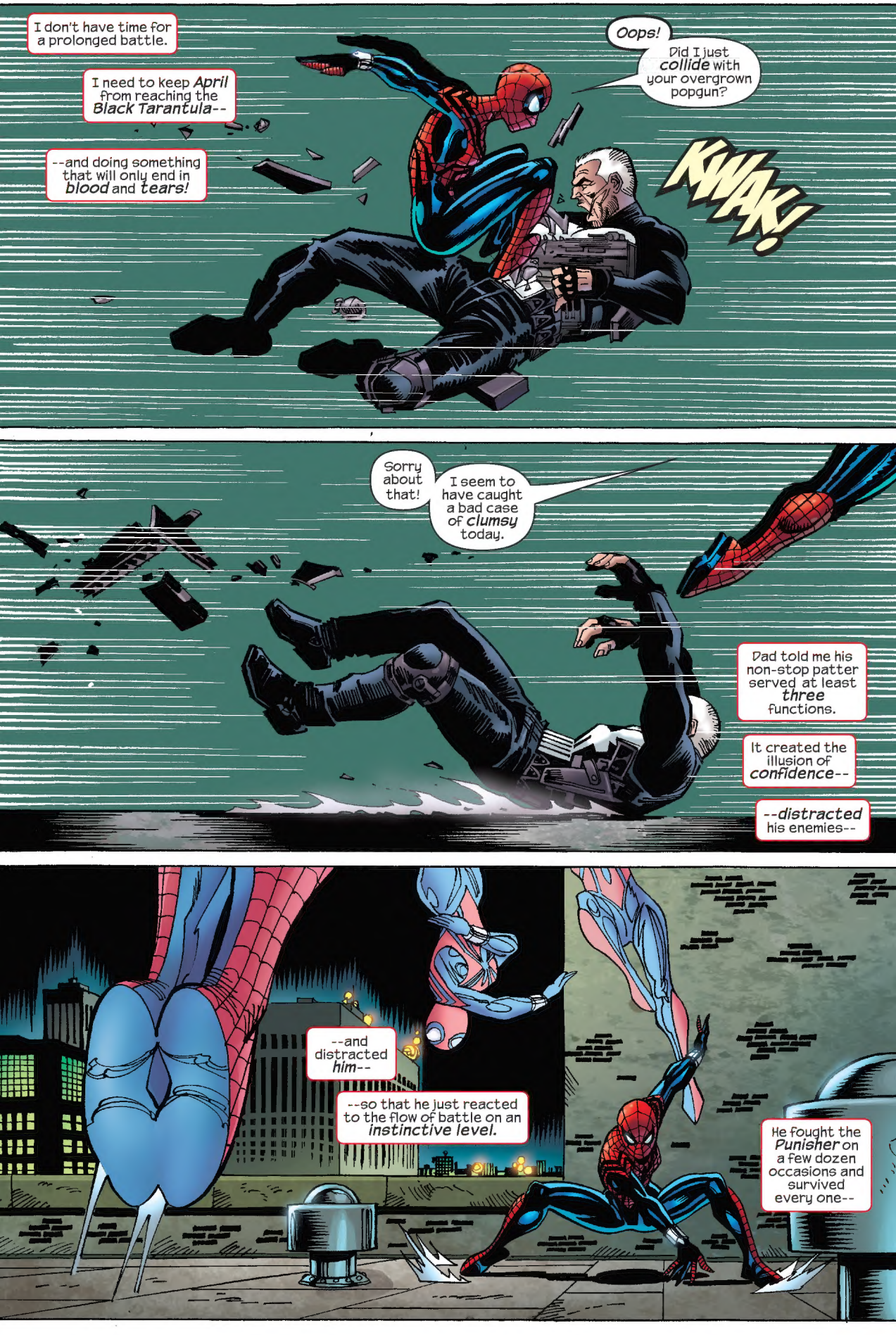
the SPECTACULAR
SPIDER-GIRL
There are some days it just doesn't pay to don a costume and play hero.
Days when New York is ablaze with another gang war.
Days when my clone April (at least I hope she's the copy) is on a virtual suicide mission to kill the Black Tarantula.
Days when I'm trying to avoid a deadly assassin named Wild Card.
And, of course, days when I suddenly find myself on the wrong end of a full automatic held by the legendary Punisher.
I hoped you'd listen to reason, young lady. I just wanted to talk.
But you called the play.
Says the gun-toting psycho.
My name is May "Mayday" Parker.
I am the daughter of Spider-Man and there are days I just feel like I'm...
CAUGHT BETWEEN KILLERS!

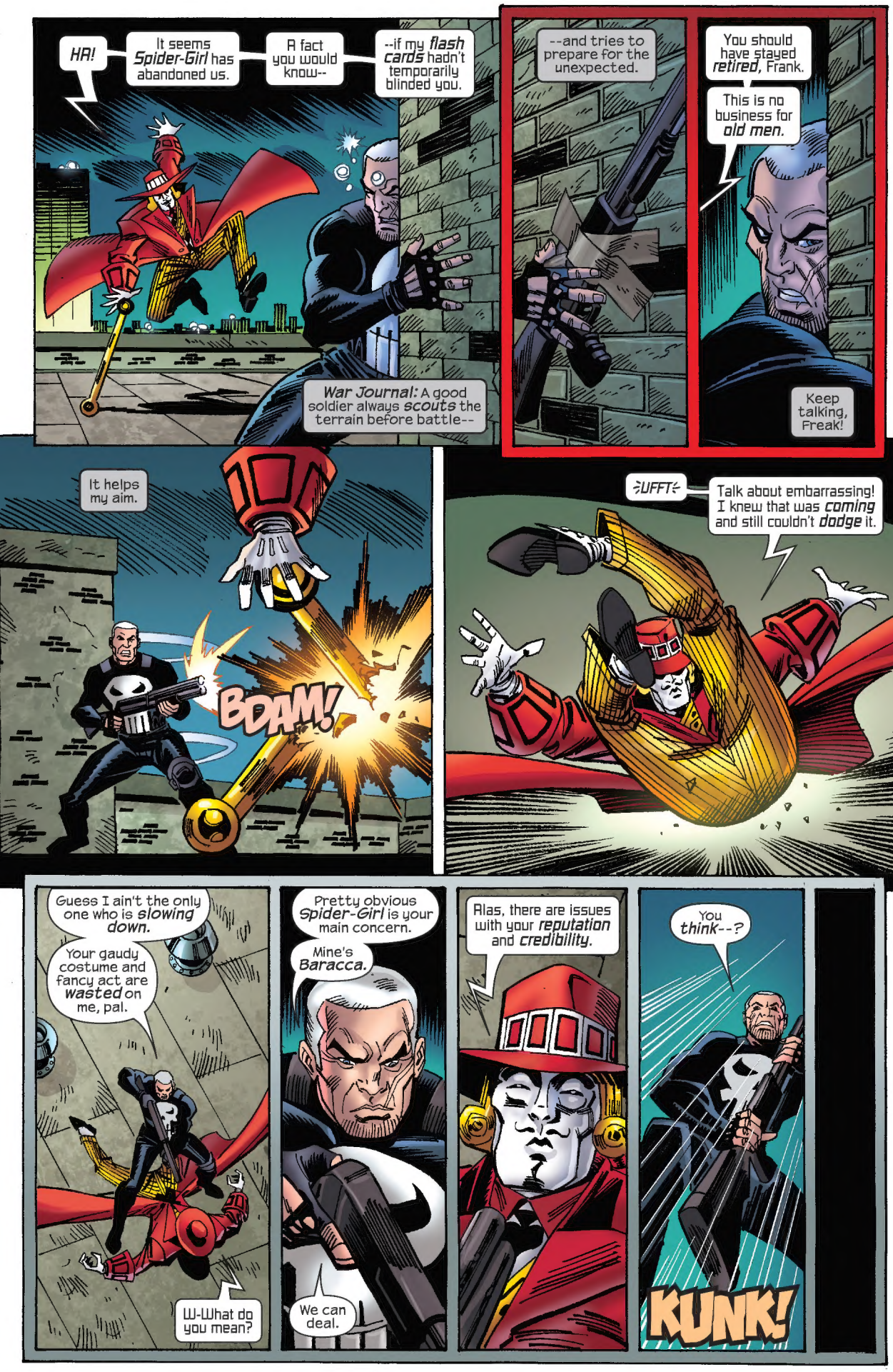

I don't have time for a prolonged battle.
I need to keep April from reaching the Black Tarantula--
--and doing something that will only end in blood and tears!
Oops!
Did I just collide with your overgrown popgun?
KWAK!
Sorry about that!
I seem to have caught a bad case of clumsy today.
Dad told me his non-stop patter served at least three functions.
It created the illusion of confidence--
--distracted his enemies--
--and distracted him--
--so that he just reacted to the flow of battle on an instinctive level.
He fought the Punisher on a few dozen occasions and survived every one--

--so I'm pulling a dad!
For your own safety, I suggest you lay back--
--and think of comfy jail cells.
What the--?!
It's like I'm glued to the ground.
Maybe I was wrong about you, kid.
Maybe you're not related to the original web-head.
He never did anything like this!
Maybe he just didn't try!
Hmmph...
...if I can see you...
...I can kill you!
YIKES!
No wonder the Punisher is so feared and respected.
He never gives up.
Although his aim seems a might off.

Has old age finally caught up with him?
Is his eyesight going?
Or is he deliberately missing me?
There's only one way to find out--
--while I trust my spider-sense to lead me through this maze of fire.
You say you want to talk.
Where have you been all these years?
Why have you suddenly decided to come out of retirement?
All that matters is that I heard about your little gang war.
The man who started it-- Don Silvio Baracca-- and I have unfinished business.
So stay out of my way!
Sorry, it's my responsibility to save lives.
ALL lives!
That includes Silvio and his henchmen.
Even if his death would prevent innocent people from becoming collateral damage?
Sounds like a standoff, kid.
But I've got the upper hand and--

THOK!
PAFFT!
PFFT!
Incoming--!
I so hate to intrude, my good fellow.
Unfortunately, you are guilty of poaching.
I was hired to kill Spider-Girl.
If there can be honor among thieves, assassins should also respect each other.
I... I can't see!
You did something to my eyes.
I-it's WILD CARD--!
TWAKK!
Now what?
Do I stop these two lunatics from killing each other--
--so they can concentrate on me?!?
Or do I go back to trying to prevent April--
--from whacking the Black Tarantula?!?
Hoo-boy!
There certainly are some days...

;sigh;
What are you doing, May?
Why won't you answer your phone?
Are you still risking your neck in this stupid gang war--
--after promising your father and me you wouldn't get involved?
Oh, well! If I can't get in touch with you--
"--maybe I should try April!"
Talk to me...if you dare.
Is that you, April? You sound... different.
Uhhh...sorry about that, Auntie M.
Just having fun. S'up?
Have you seen May?
I can't seem to reach her.
I don't know where she is now.
We had a disagreement earlier.
I'm sure she'll tell you all about it--
--and you'll probably take her side.
You know better, April.
Peter and I don't play favorites.
Whether you believe it or not, you're not on your own anymore.
You belong to our family now--
--and you are loved and cherished.


HA!
It seems Spider-Girl has abandoned us.
A fact you would know--
--if my flash cards hadn't temporarily blinded you.
War Journal: A good soldier always scouts the terrain before battle--
--and tries to prepare for the unexpected.
You should have stayed retired, Frank.
This is no business for old men.
Keep talking, Freak!
It helps my aim.
BDAM!
=UFFT=
Talk about embarrassing! I knew that was coming and still couldn't dodge it.
Guess I ain't the only one who is slowing down.
Your gaudy costume and fancy act are wasted on me, pal.
W-What do you mean?
Pretty obvious Spider-Girl is your main concern.
Mine's Baracca.
We can deal.
Alas, there are issues with your reputation and credibility.
You think--?
KUNK!

ARRGH! I lost April's trail and don't know where she's headed.
Got to warn the Black Tarantula by calling his--
Hello, Chesbro? This is Spider-Girl. Put your boss on the line!
Are you mad?
You betrayed my master to the police.
He threatened to kill you if you ever meet again...
His life is in danger.
Really?!?
What part of Black Tarantula don't you understand?
The man runs an international crime cartel.
His life is always in jeopardy.
He's been targeted by my clone. She's a hybrid with my spider-powers and those of the Venom symbiote.
And you have the audacity to think he needs your--
Can the BLACK TARANTULA come out and DIE?
Le Grand Excelsior Hotel-- HURRY!

Get BACK, Chesbro!
Araña--?!?
My, my, what are *you* doing here?

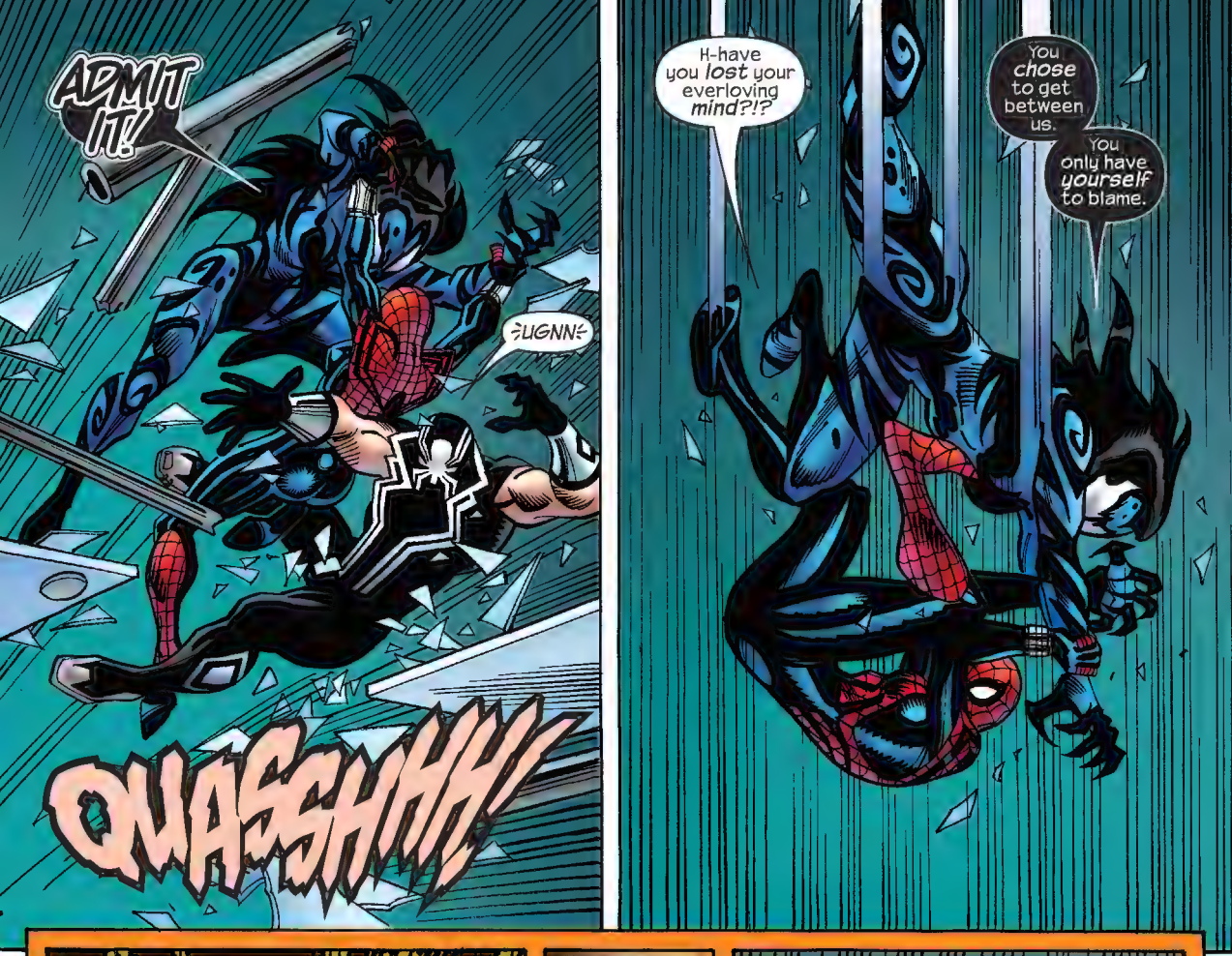
THWAK!
I can't wait to hear the juicy details.
You'll have to fill me in after I kill the *Tarantula* and--

ZAAA-BWOOM!

See to *Araña*, Chesbro.
I will *attend* to our guest.
As you wish, master.

Okay, you got in a lucky shot, but I'm going to--
No!
NO!
This fight is not happening.
You don't belong here, Spider-Girl!
Leave now and you will not be harmed.
I can't believe you're protecting this creep.
I say we just kill him, end the gang war, and celebrate with a couple of lattes on our way home-- my treat!
Nobody dies on my watch, Ap--uhhh-- Mayhem.
Go, and take the freak with you.
Freak--?!?
Mister, I'm a living nightmare.
NO! DON'T--!
He's just trying to bait you.
Enough!
I have little tolerance for either of you.
SWOK!

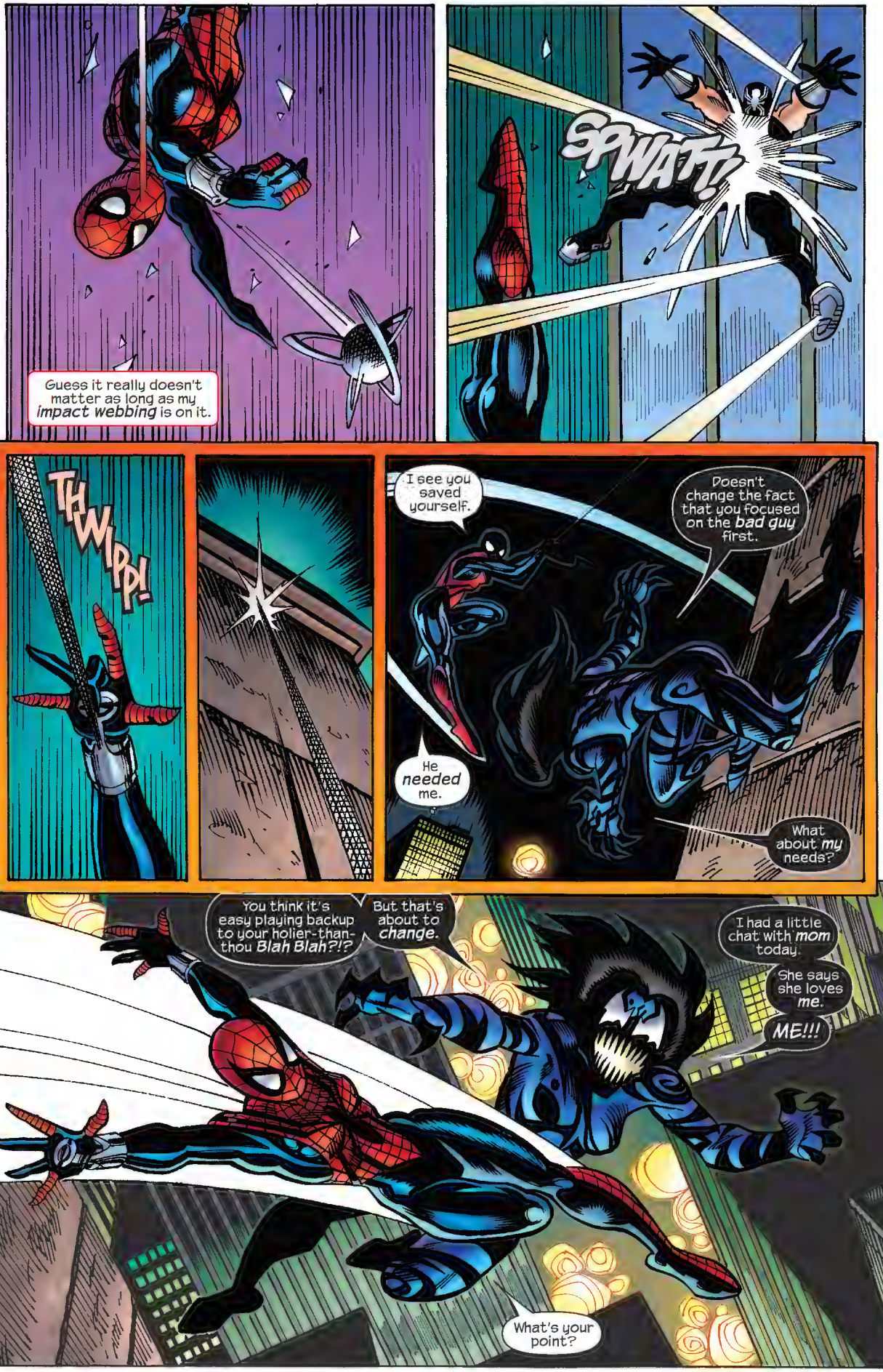
Your clone will pay for attacking Chesbro and Araña.
Who you calling a clone?!
Seriously?!?
That concerns you?
Easy for you.
Everybody just assumes you're the original.
But it's a LIE!
KWUNKK!
Admit it!
I want him to hear the truth before he dies.
Stop it!
Now is not the time to--
Spider-Girl, will you please--

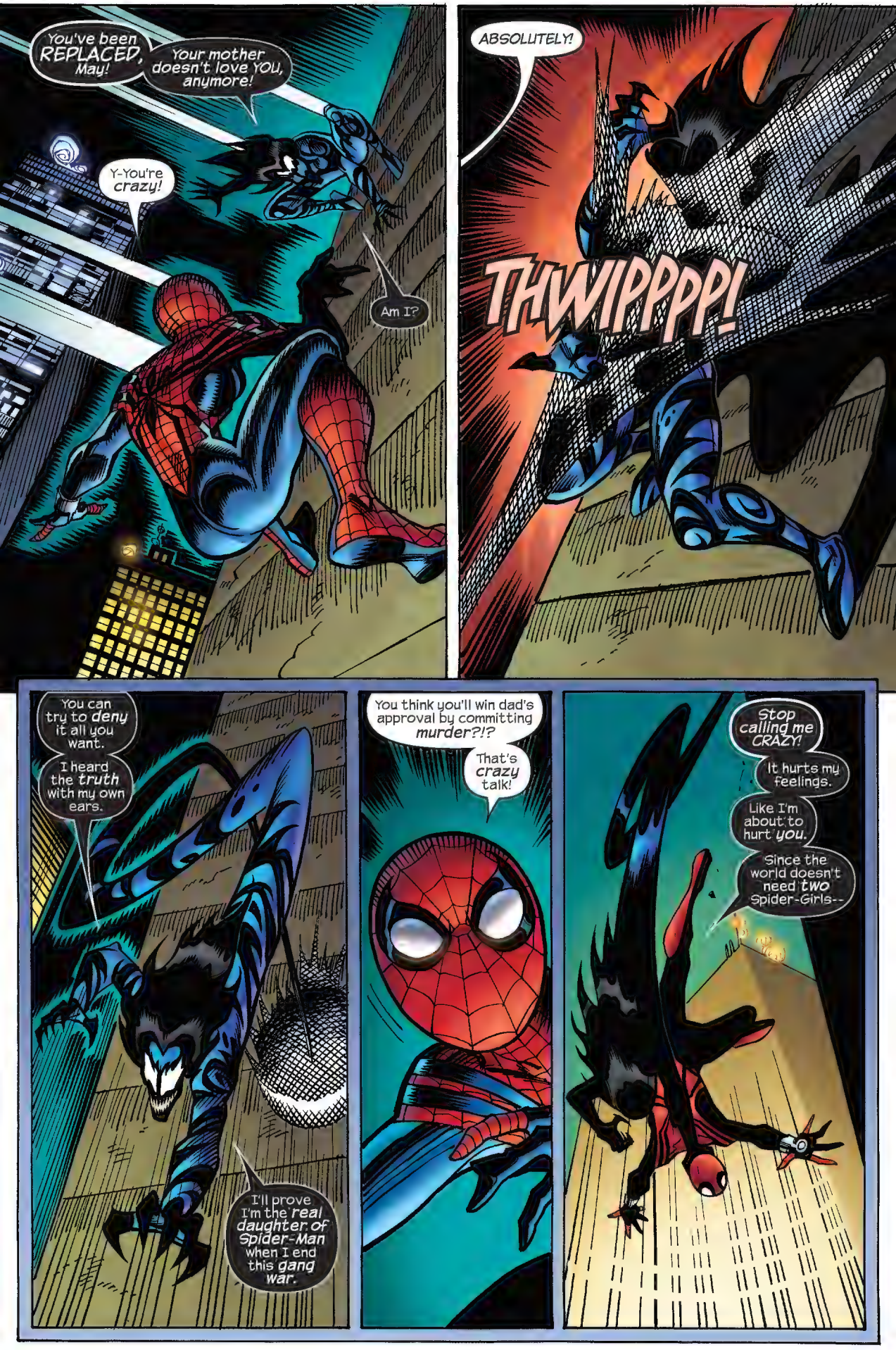

ADMIT IT!
-UGNN-
QUASSHHH!
H-have you lost your everloving mind?!?
You chose to get between us.
You only have yourself to blame.

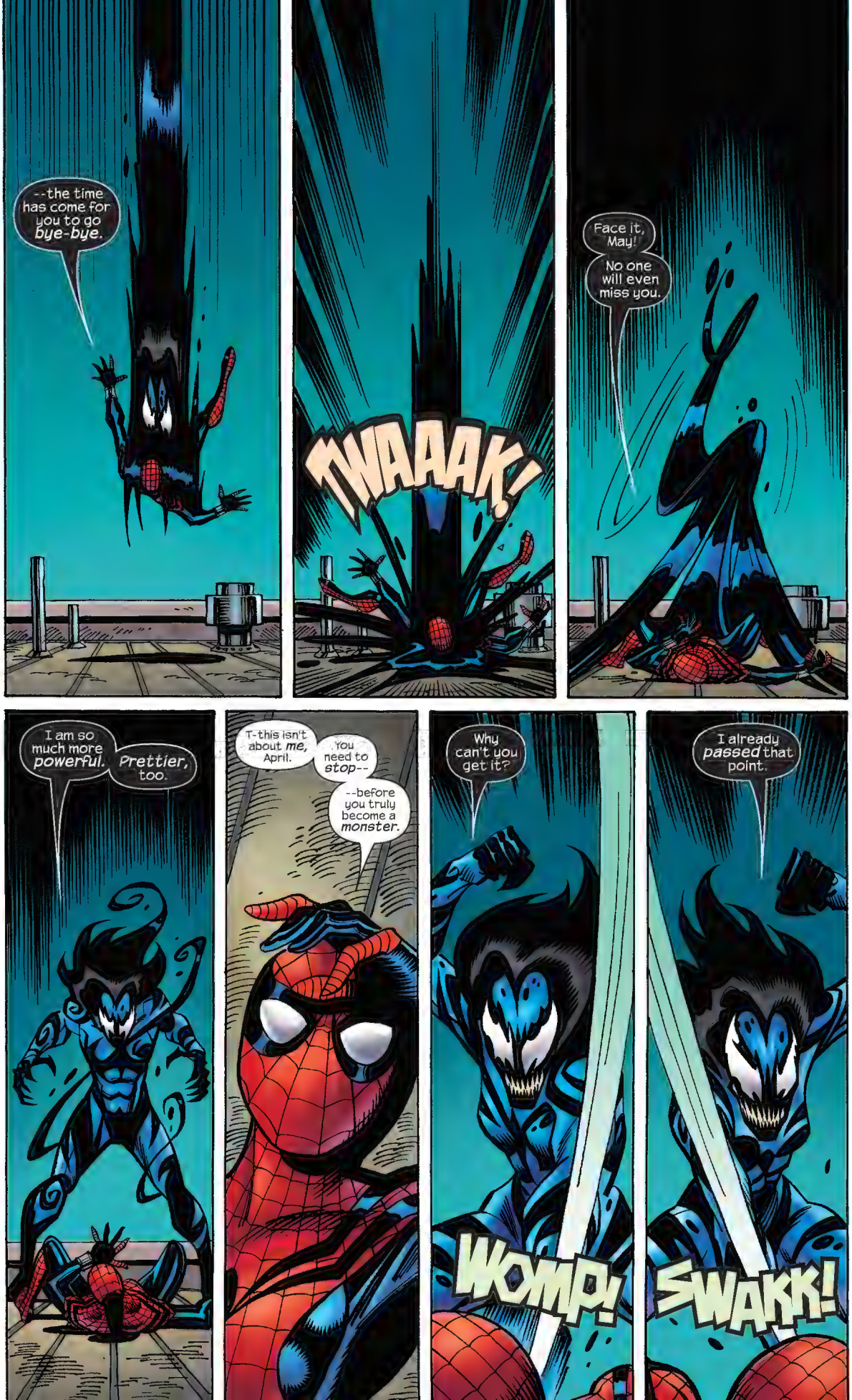
I may have to clean your mess--
--but I've heard enough bushwah!

Omigosh!
Clear the area--!
Don't look, Ryan!
Man, I gotta get this on UTube.

What's with the Tarantula?
Why isn't he trying to save himself?
Was he stunned by the impact?


Guess it really doesn't matter as long as my *impact webbing* is on it.
SPWAT!
THWIPP!
I see you saved yourself.
Doesn't change the fact that you focused on the *bad guy* first.
He *needed* me.
What about *my* needs?
You think it's easy playing backup to your holier-than-thou *Blah Blah*?!?
But that's about to *change*.
I had a little chat with *mom* today.
She says she loves *me*.
ME!!!
What's your point?

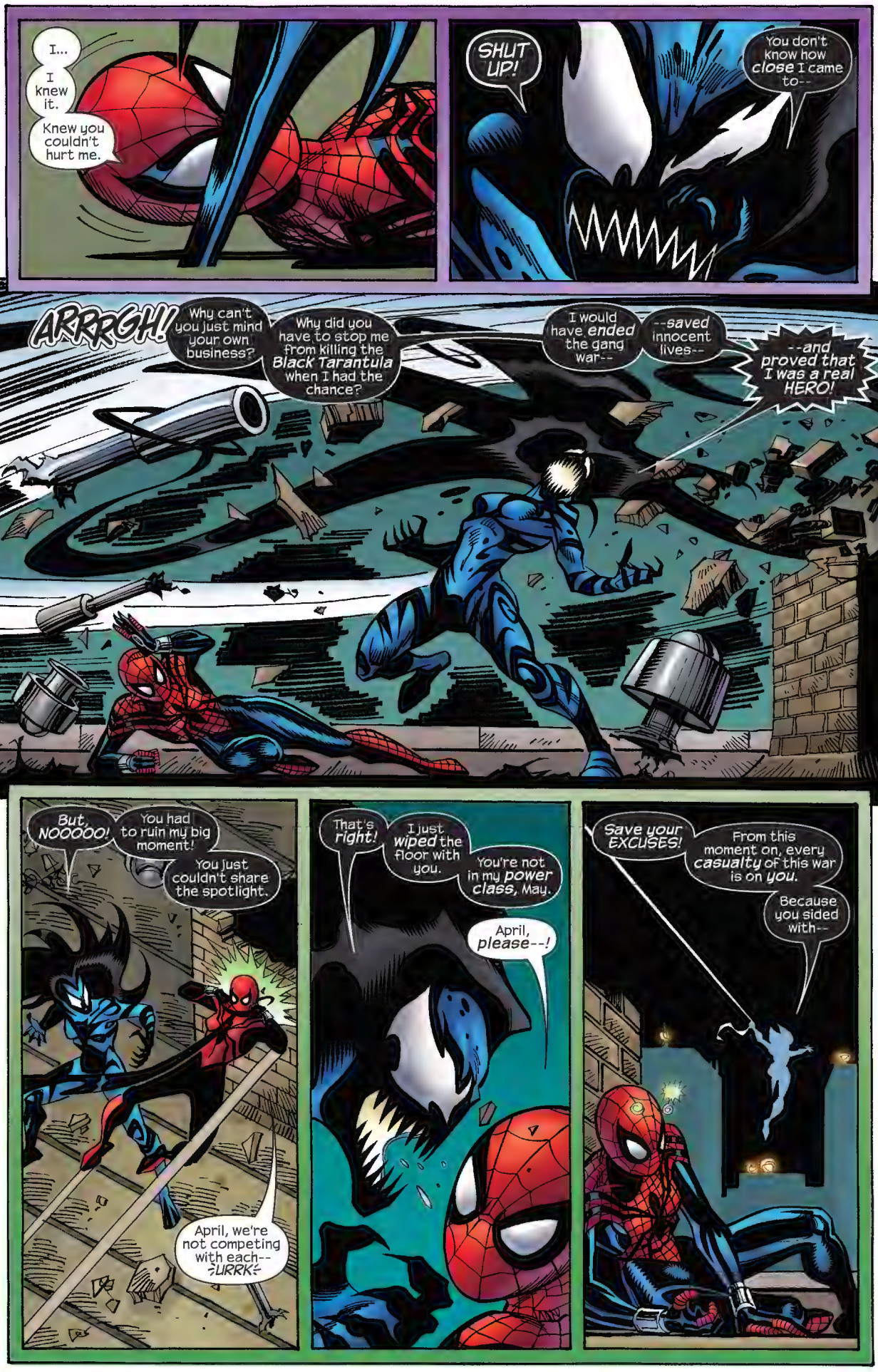

You've been REPLACED, May!
Your mother doesn't love you, anymore!
Y-You're crazy!
Am I?
ABSOLUTELY!
THWIPPPP!
You can try to deny it all you want.
I heard the truth with my own ears.
I'll prove I'm the real daughter of Spider-Man when I end this gang war.
You think you'll win dad's approval by committing murder?!?
That's crazy talk!
Stop calling me CRAZY!
It hurts my feelings.
Like I'm about to hurt you.
Since the world doesn't need two Spider-Girls--


--the time has come for you to go bye-bye.
KWAAAK!
Face it, May!
No one will even miss you.
I am so much more powerful.
Prettier, too.
T-this isn't about me, April.
You need to stop--
--before you truly become a monster.
Why can't you get it?
I already passed that point.
WOMP!
SWAKK!

AWONK!
SKRAT!
CRAKK!
TWAM!
THWIPP!
You just can't quit, can you?
Okay, if I gotta cross the final T...
SO BE it!
SKWA-THUNK
TO BE CONTINUED--

My name is Benjamin Richard Parker, but my big sister just calls me...
Li'l Benjy
THE SPECTACULAR SPIDER-BABY
"Getting Ahead!"
by Tom DeFalco & Colleen Coover
MIDTOWN TYKES DAYCARE CENTER
Hey, Shelly! Want to see a cool trick my daddy taught me?
Why not? Maybe I can teach it to mine.
He could use some new material.
TA-DA!
I'm standing on my head.
That's nothing, Raff!
Li'l Benjy can hang from his!
END!

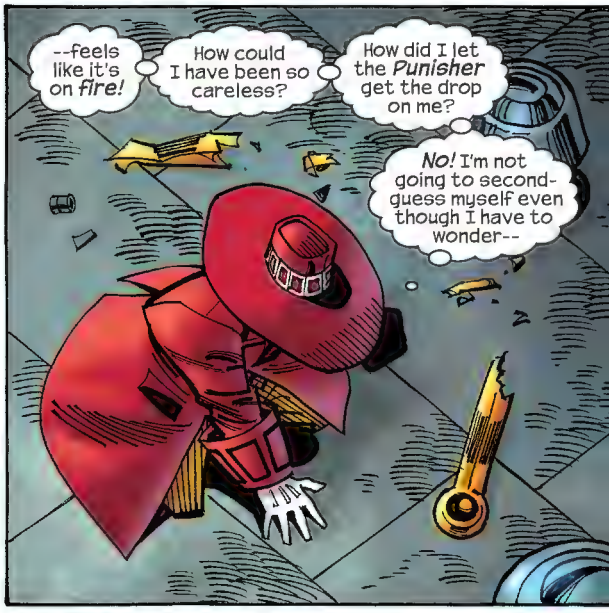
the SPECTACULAR SPIDER-GIRL
THE RAZORED PATH!
I call myself April Parker, and I'm the REAL daughter of Spider-Man.
A phony!
A counterfeit!
The girl the world knows as May "Mayday" Parker is a fake!
She's my clone and I'm tired of living in her shadow.
Tired of following her rules--
--her ideals.
A gang war is destroying this city, but she doesn't have the guts to stop it.
I do.
I'm going to kill all the gang leaders and anyone else who gets in my way--
--starting with SPIDER-GIRL!
SKWA-THUNK!

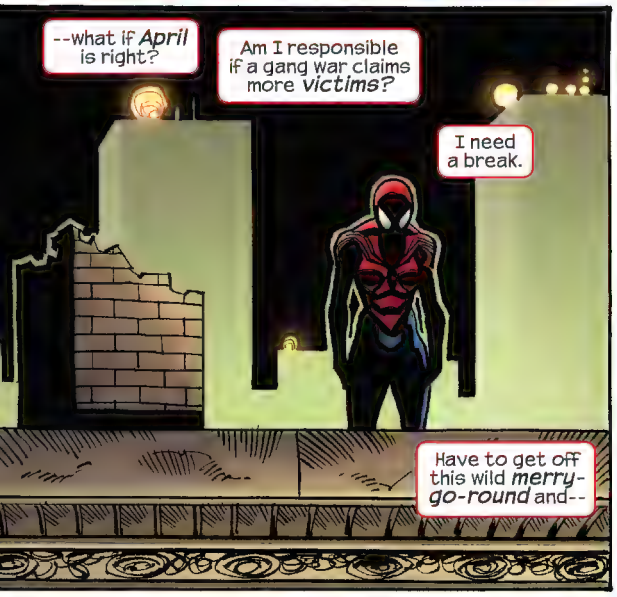

I...
I knew it.
Knew you couldn't hurt me.
SHUT UP!
You don't know how close I came to--
ARRRGH!
Why can't you just mind your own business?
Why did you have to stop me from killing the Black Tarantula when I had the chance?
I would have ended the gang war--
--saved innocent lives--
--and proved that I was a real HERO!
But, NOOOOO!
You had to ruin my big moment!
You just couldn't share the spotlight.
April, we're not competing with each--
:URRK:
That's right!
I just wiped the floor with you.
You're not in my power class, May.
April, please--!
Save your EXCUSES!
From this moment on, every casualty of this war is on you.
Because you sided with--

"--the Black Tarantula!"
We must get Araña to her temple where she can receive proper medical assistance.
Will she survive, master?
I...I didn't realize you cared, Chesbro.
What can I say? You've grown on me.
I...I'll be fine.
I'm more concerned about Spider-Girl.
Did you really threaten to kill her, Fabian?
Yes, but she redeemed herself by trying to protect us from her clone--
Although I could have easily dispatched it.
I've decided to take your advice, Araña.
I will relinquish direct control of the New York Underworld and return to South America--
--with you as my bride!
Your timing could be better... but I accept.
Excellent! We'll leave as soon as I accomplish one last task...
What's the problem?
Where is Man Mountain Marko?
I need to know the status of the hits I ordered on Spider-Girl and the Black Tarantula.
Nunzio is trying to reach him now, Don Silvio.
He ain't answering, Guido. Should I leave a message?
You crazy?! What if the Feds are listening?
Why you gotta be so mean all the time?
Stop bickering, you idiots!
Get my pet cop on the phone. Maybe he's heard something.

RINGGGG!
POLIC
IDTOWNS
No, nothing on Spider-Girl or the Tarantula.
There was an incident at Le Grande Excelsior, but no fatalities.
What about the Punisher?
Sorry, still in the wind...
You know exactly where you can shove that sorry.
Frank Castle is determined to kill me.
Start acting like a real cop and do whatever it takes to stop him.
I OWN you, Drasco.
If I go down, so do you!
I gotta step out for awhile, Ed.
If Captain Ruiz needs me, she can call my cell.
You need help with anything, Vinnie?
Naw, it's just a personal matter that I should have dealt with years ago...
KLIK

ARRRK!
I was really hoping *April* would come to her senses.
No such luck.
Every bone in my poor battered body--

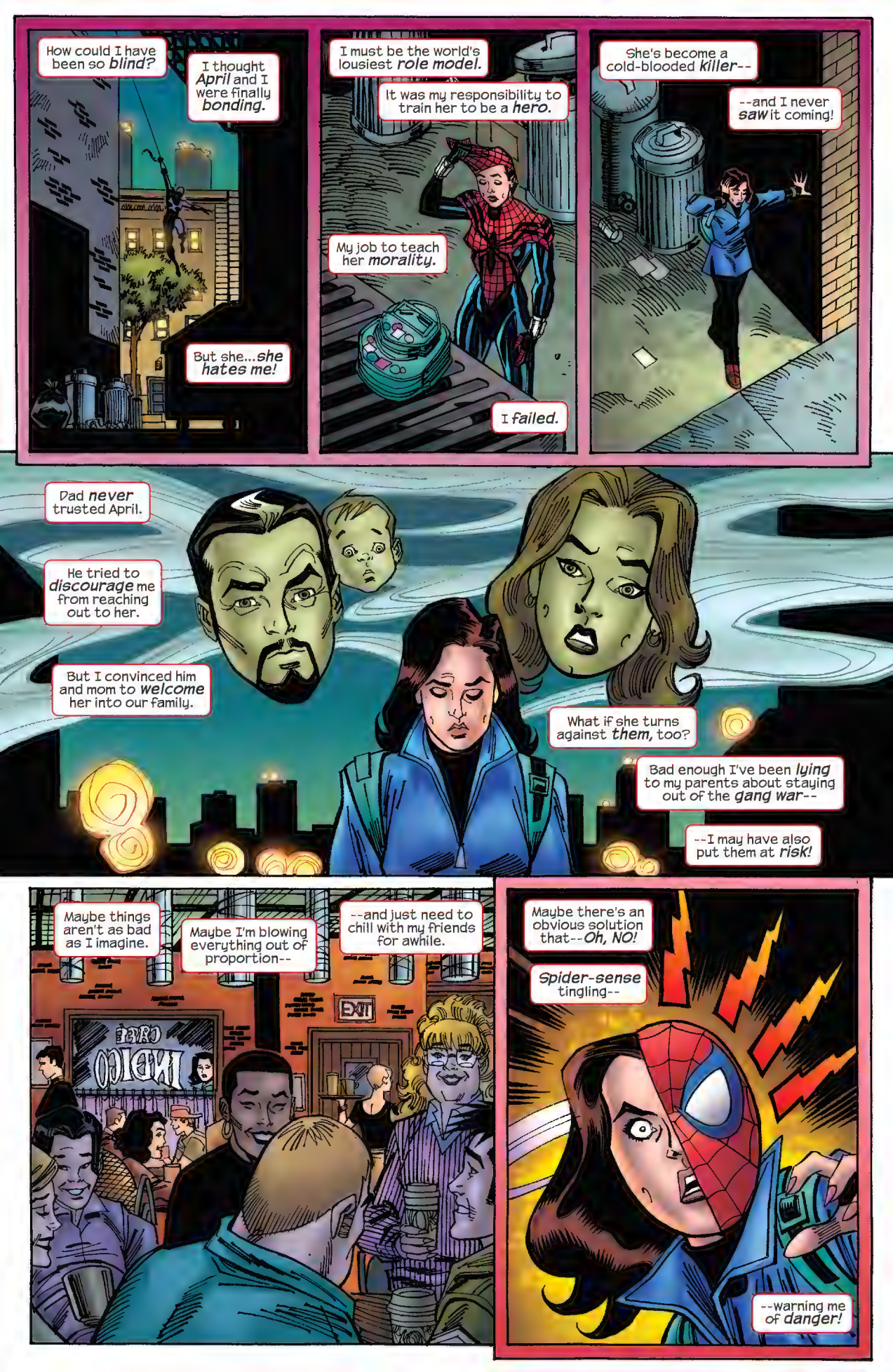

--feels like it's on *fire!*
How could I have been so careless?
How did I let the *Punisher* get the drop on me?
No! I'm not going to second-guess myself even though I have to wonder--


--what if *April* is right?
Am I responsible if a gang war claims more *victims?*
I need a break.
Have to get off this wild *merry-go-round* and--

--stay *focused* on my real goal.
I must find *Spider-Girl*--

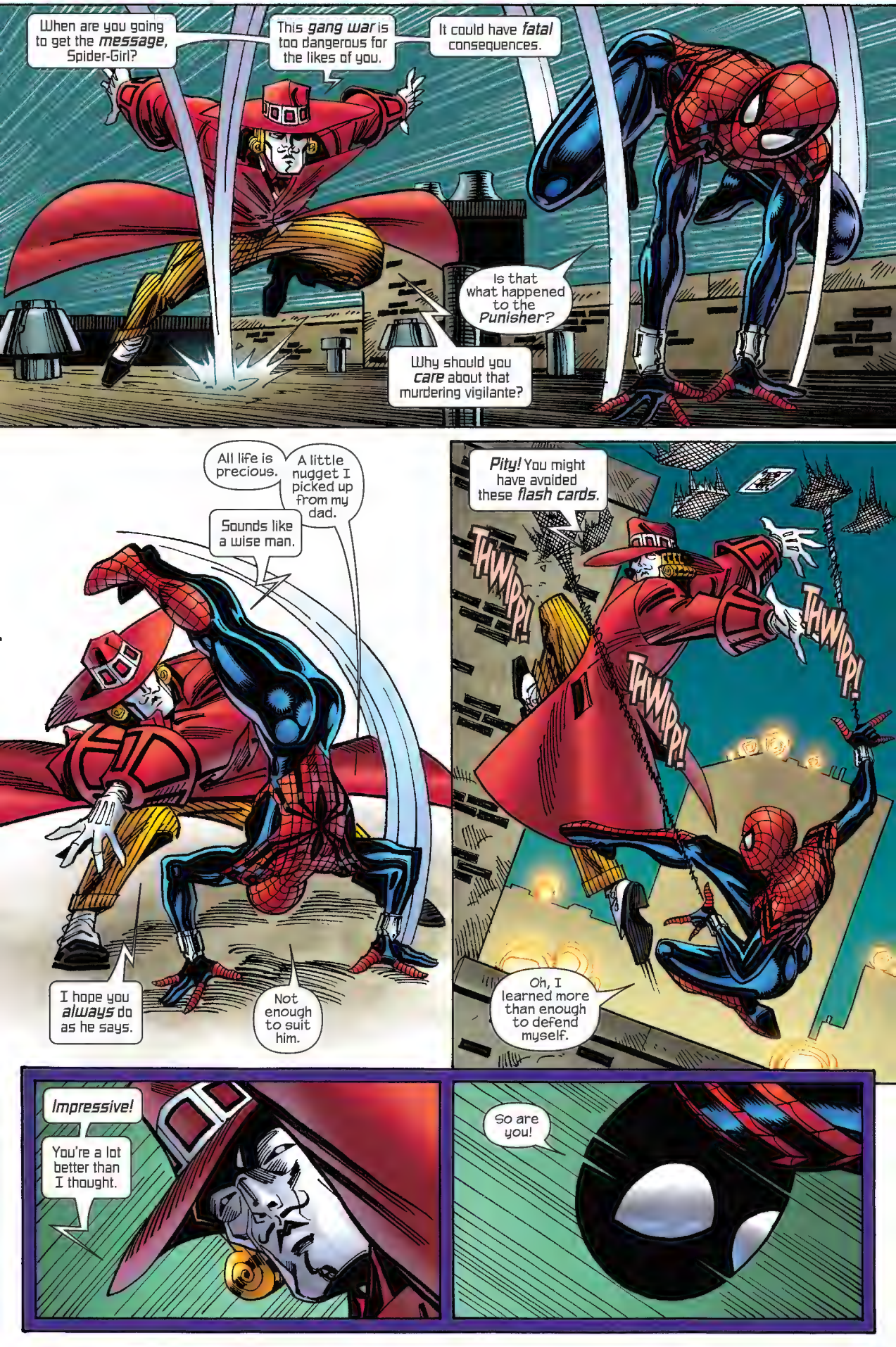
--and *decompress* for a few hours.
I've been spending way too much time with the spandex squad.
It'll be good for me to kick back with some real people--

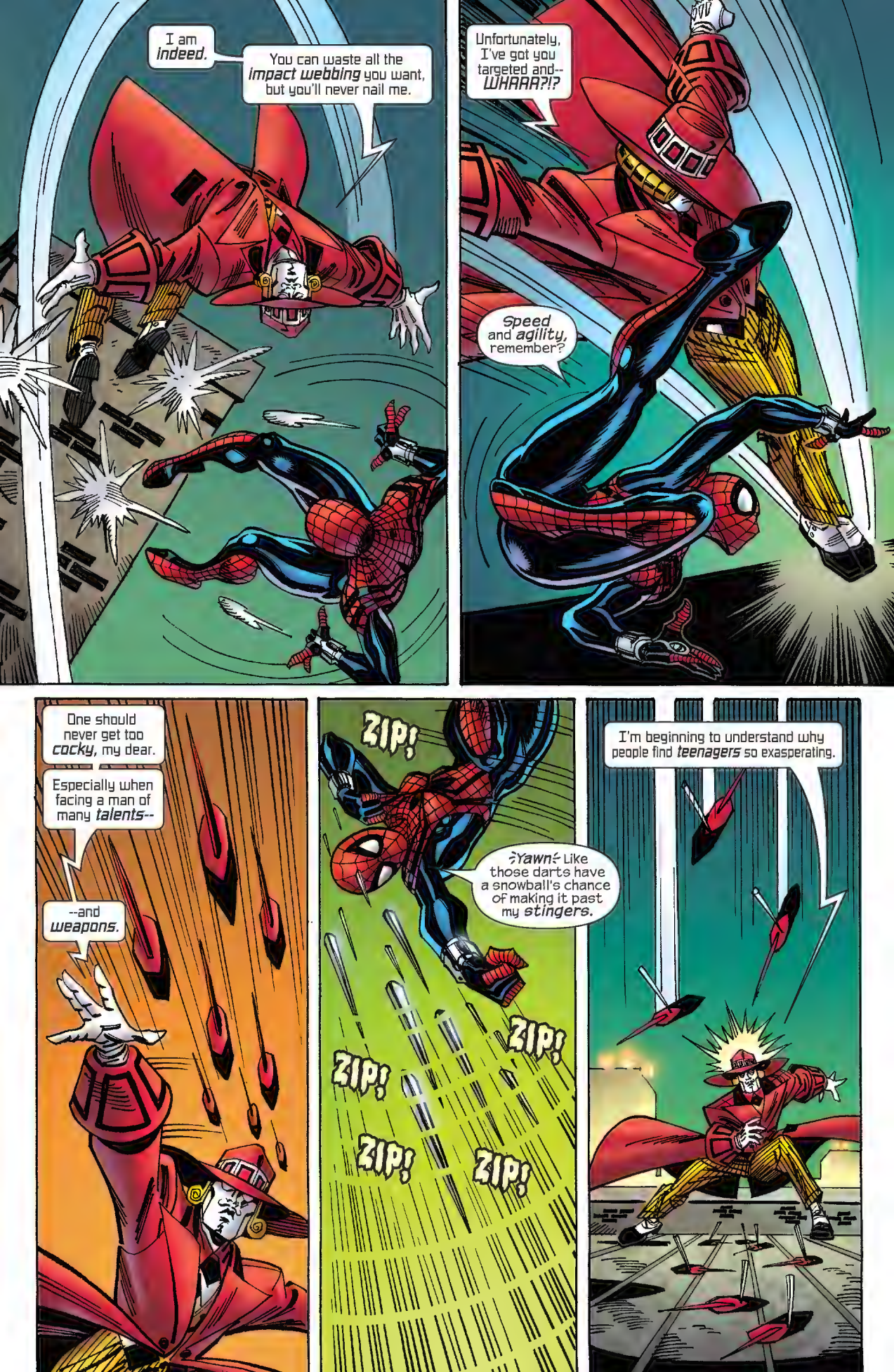
--and END this charade once and for all!


How could I have been so *blind?*
I thought *April* and I were finally *bonding.*
But she...*she hates me!*
I must be the world's lousiest *role model.*
It was my responsibility to train her to be a *hero.*
My job to teach her *morality.*
I *failed.*
She's become a cold-blooded *killer*--
--and I never *saw* it coming!
Dad *never* trusted April.
He tried to *discourage* me from reaching out to her.
But I convinced him and mom to *welcome* her into our family.
What if she turns against *them,* too?
Bad enough I've been *lying* to my parents about staying out of the *gang war*--
--I may have also put them at *risk!*
Maybe things aren't as bad as I imagine.
Maybe I'm blowing everything out of proportion--
--and just need to chill with my friends for awhile.
EXIT
Maybe there's an obvious solution that--*Oh, NO!*
Spider-sense tingling--
--warning me of *danger!*

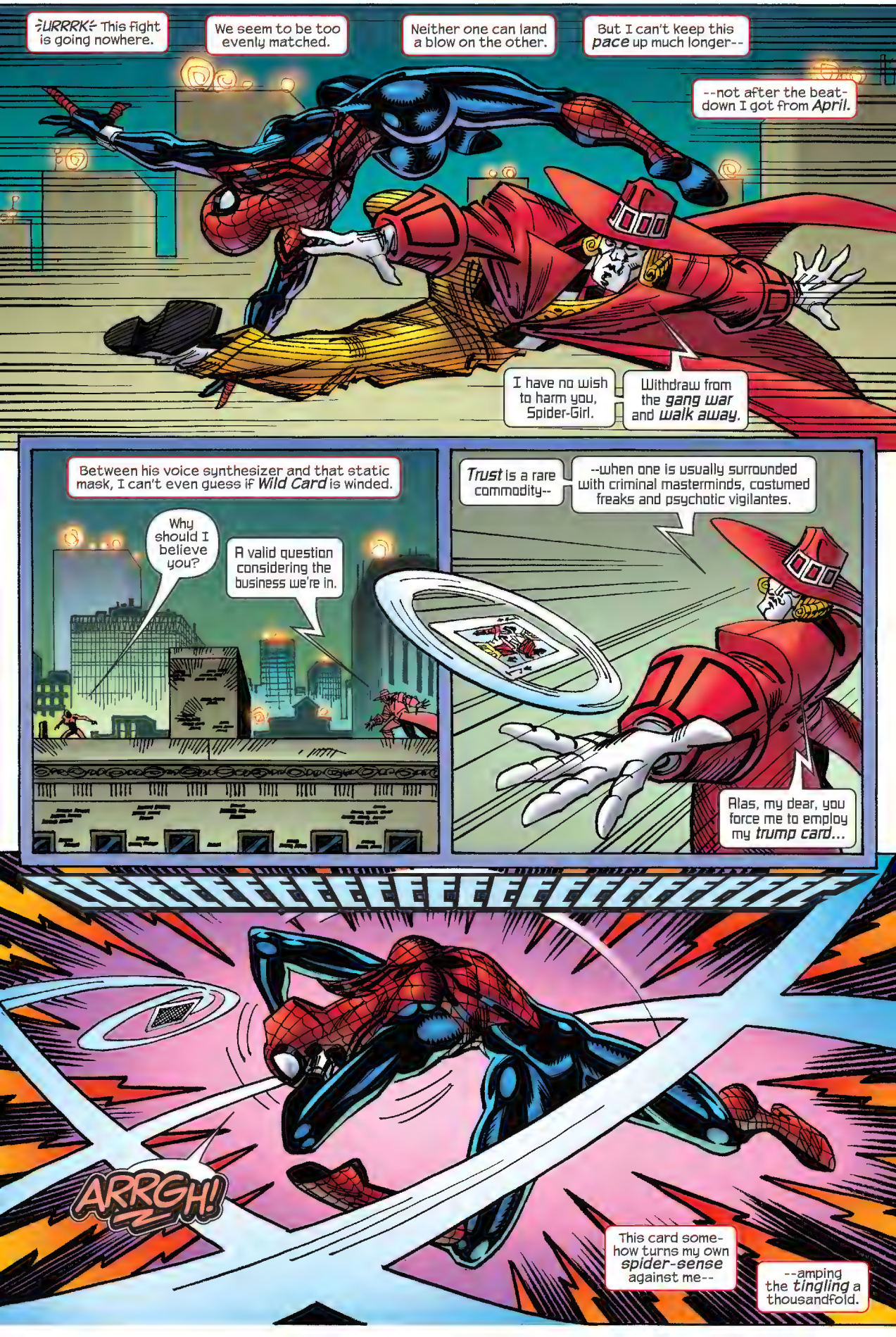
I-it's Wild Card!
Is this a coincidence?
Or has he tracked me here?
Has he somehow discovered my secret identity?
The last time I saw him he was battling the Punisher.
I know I should be more worried about myself than Castle--
--but I still hope he survived.
This was a mistake.
I may have blown everything by coming here.
She took off as soon as she spotted me.
If my luck holds out, she'll just keep running until--
Oops!
H-how did you manage to dodge me?
Elementary, my dear Spider-Girl--
--you're not the only one with speed and agility.

WHIMPER
What on-- APRIL!
What's wrong, sweetheart?
Why are you in the dark?
Oh, my! Where did you get that outfit--
--and why are you crying?
E-everyone hates me. The kids at school...May... even you and Uncle Pete!
What?! Where do you get such nonsense?
N-nothing works out like I planned.
I'm even beginning to think May is the original and I'm the clone.
That isn't important, hon...
Here! Let me help you up...
You just don't get it, Auntie M.
I don't want HELP!
THWAKK!
I WANT REVENGE!


When are you going to get the *message*, Spider-Girl?
This *gang war* is too dangerous for the likes of you.
It could have *fatal* consequences.
Is that what happened to the *Punisher*?
Why should you *care* about that murdering vigilante?
All life is precious.
A little nugget I picked up from my dad.
Sounds like a wise man.
I hope you *always* do as he says.
Not enough to suit him.
Pity! You might have avoided these *flash cards*.
THWIPP!
THWIPP!
THWIPP!
Oh, I learned more than enough to defend myself.
Impressive!
You're a lot better than I thought.
So are you!


I am indeed.
You can waste all the impact webbing you want, but you'll never nail me.
Unfortunately, I've got you targeted and-- WHAAA?!?
Speed and agility, remember?
One should never get too cocky, my dear.
Especially when facing a man of many talents--
--and weapons.
ZIP!
ZIP!
ZIP!
ZIP!
ZIP!
Yawn~ Like those darts have a snowball's chance of making it past my stingers.
I'm beginning to understand why people find teenagers so exasperating.

Elsewhere...
Yeah...
I agree.
Something needs to be done.
Sure, I'll meet, but only if you, personally, guarantee my safety and--
KLIK
Uhhh...
Could I call you back?
You're rather calm and collected for a bruiser who bills himself as Man Mountain Marko.
Like that big white skull is a model of subtlety.
I got some questions about Silvio Baracca.
What if I don't answer?
I heard a lot of stories about the Punisher.
Can't recall a single one where you shot an unarmed man.
Okay...
Now you're speaking MY language--!


:URRRK: This fight is going nowhere.
We seem to be too evenly matched.
Neither one can land a blow on the other.
But I can't keep this *pace* up much longer--
--not after the beat-down I got from *April*.
I have no wish to harm you, Spider-Girl.
Withdraw from the *gang war* and *walk away*.
Between his voice synthesizer and that static mask, I can't even guess if *Wild Card* is winded.
Why should I believe you?
A valid question considering the business we're in.
Trust is a rare commodity--
--when one is usually surrounded with criminal masterminds, costumed freaks and psychotic vigilantes.
Alas, my dear, you force me to employ my *trump card*...
ARRGH!
This card somehow turns my own *spider-sense* against me--
--amping the *tingling* a thousandfold.

EEEEEEEEEEEEEE
F-feels like my head's about to implode.
But I have to find a way to fight the pain and--
KRAK T!
Impossible!
Not even I can move that fast--!
THWIPP!
Spider-Girl, WAIT!
We need to talk. I'm not your enemy. I'm--
Shut up!
KWA-TWAKK!
I want to truly SAVOR this moment!
Looks like I shattered his mask and can finally get a good look at--
Oh, no!
No!

Dad--?!?

Are you INSANE?!?
How dare you come to my home, Drasco?
Your usefulness to my organization--and your entire career--will be over if anyone sees us together.
Trust me, Don Silvio, that's the least of your problems.
I have some bad news that has to be delivered in person.
What is it? Has something happened to Man Mountain Marko?
I'm afraid you and your goons are under arrest!
Put that gun down, Drasco!
You can't possibly be serious.
Drasco... Vincent...you and I go back a long time.
When your daughter was sick, I gave you the money to get her the care she needed.
She'd be dead now if it wasn't for me.
Ancient history, Baracca.
I've repaid that debt a thousand times over.
I'm sick of doing your dirty work and--
:ARRK:
KA-ZAM!

You'll do whatever you're told, Drasco-- without question or hesitation!
In case you've forgotten, you belong to me!
So does Baracca and his entire organization!
And soon, very soon, the entire New York underworld will answer to--
--The HOBGOBLIN!
TO BE CONTINUED!